

The Evening World

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"By Advice of Counsel."



At the prompting of the lawyers of the Standard Oil Company, witnesses subpoenaed to testify before the Missouri Commissioner have given an amazing exhibition of contempt of judicial authority.

"By advice of counsel" directors refuse flatly to answer questions, laugh in the face of the Commissioner, chaff the "Colonel," otherwise the Attorney-General, who is examining them, and maintain a jocular or contemptuous attitude,

according as the spirit moves them.

"By advice of counsel" agents of the Trust indulge in insolent reticence or jocular repartee as they like, and grow alternately supercilious and scornful.

"By advice of counsel" elevator men and special policemen in the Trust's employ treat the Missouri law officers with a vulgar impertinence. Has this legal boorishness and buffoonery a parallel? Has the dignity of a police magistrate ever been affronted by shyler lawyers to the extent to which the reputable attorneys of the Trust have defied the authority of this State tribunal?

But do these abusive and obstructive tactics pay? Has not the indecent character of the Trust's defense hopelessly prejudiced its case? The impression is unavoidable that there is something behind which must be concealed at all hazards. Hence the resort to intimidation, the bulldozing and the methods which would discredit a mining-camp courtroom.

Motor-Car Progress and Penalties.

The three-mile-a-minute automobile which is in course of construction for Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt will be the most powerful racing machine in the world. Its 250 horse-power will represent the pulling capacity of 125 double teams of horses. The ponderous locomotive which draws the Empire State Express, perhaps the strongest passenger engine in the world, is of 1,900 horse-power.

This racing monster says the last word in motor-car constructive skill. What is being done to bring the law governing automobiles to a corresponding standard of efficiency?

Gov. Stokes, in his message to the New Jersey Legislature, recommends licenses for chauffeurs revocable on violation of their provisions. He suggests that recklessness resulting in the injury of person or property be punished by imprisonment.

In Harper's Weekly President Morris, of the Automobile Club, urges that it be made impossible for drivers who are persistent in their disregard of the law to operate cars. He suggests an automobile tax for the repair of roads, an examination of chauffeurs for capability and a State automobile commission.

Manufacturers and drivers have so far kept ahead of the law. It is time the law caught up with them.

A B. R. T. Outrage.

Along about midnight Brooklyn people in Manhattan, night-workers or theatre-goers, reach the bridge on their way home. The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company runs "trains" of two or three cars on the elevated track. The last car is sacred to the local passengers who are going only to Sands street. There may be only a dozen of them. The other car or cars are packed to the doors and beyond the doors on to the platform, where people hot and sweaty from office or playhouse stand shivering in the midnight chill of the gale-swept river.

Midnight is not a "rush hour." There is nothing to prevent the B. R. T. from running cars enough to give every passenger a seat. Nothing, that is, except the necessity of sustaining watered stock in Wall street by a show of pneumonia-tainted "earnings."

Why do the street-car companies do their best to swell the rising tide of socialism by brutal disregard of the travelling public? Why are they so idiotic?

A Chilly Meal.

By J. Campbell Cory.



Letters from the People

Unique Nassau Street.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
It is a wonder to me that more accidents don't happen on Nassau street. People jam the sidewalks and hundreds walk in its narrow roadway. Vehicles going both ways also crowd this roadway. The only marvel is that there are not more blockades and dangerous mishaps, especially when one remembers the flood of foot and vehicular traffic pouring transversely from every cross street. I have travelled all over this land, and Nassau street is the oddest thoroughfare on earth. It is utterly unique. But how in the world are accidents averted there?
S. B. A.

For Amateur Scientists.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
With some scientific readers kindly discuss this question? If a large hollow sphere of glass or some other material (if glass it would be possible to see the inside of same) were made, and some material object placed therein and afterward all the air extracted from the sphere, leaving it a vacuum, in what position would the material object therein be? Would it be in the center of the sphere or would it be at the bottom? Has this experiment ever been tried?
R. ELVIN.

The Matter of Pension.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
A widow of a soldier writes asking how it is that the relatives of a dead veteran do not all receive the same pension. I am glad that some one has had the courage to come forward and speak about it, as I often wished to do the same. My father was a veteran in the Civil War and was injured while working at a bridge on the Rappahannock River, and when the war was over he

Answers to Questions

send me there and let me draw no wages." Then why make such a proposition? Readers, look at both sides of this question, and judge for yourselves which is right. Then let us hear from you.
JAMES V. LA PALA.

Cars Without Engines.

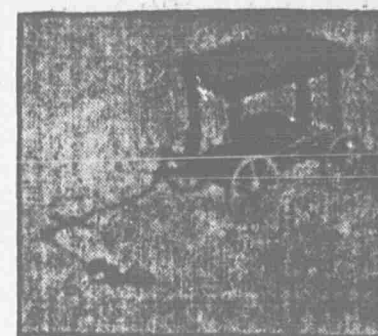
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In reading the story of the accident in the Grand Central Depot it occurred to me that it was against the laws of New York State to allow cars to run any distance without being under the control of an engine. I may be mistaken in this, but I hardly think so.
J. LYONS.
135 Washington street, Newark, N. J.
Aldermen, \$1,000; Assemblymen, \$1,500.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
What are the salaries per year of Aldermen and Assemblymen?
J. G. G.

Scientific Tests Prove Ants' Marvellous Strength.

Scientists in England have been conducting a series of experiments to determine the strength of the various insects and lower animals. Ants have been found to possess almost supernatural power in comparison to their tiny size. Among the tests, two of which are here depicted from cuts in the Illustrated London News, is one obtained by fastening an ant to a miniature silver coach 1,800 times as heavy as itself. The ant drew after it the enormous burden with comparative ease. The average man, to be as strong for his size as an ant, would need to be able to draw a coach weighing about 200,000 pounds or 100 tons.

The second illustrated test consisted of holding suspended in midair a globe 800 times the weight of the ant. The insect was fastened to the end of a bar; its nippers gripped upon a string, and from this string the globe was suspended. The ant held the string until the pressure was removed, and then seemed none the worse off for the herculean labor undergone. A more by comparison, must have held suspended a weight approximating 180,000 pounds in order to



duplicate this miniature. An ant can also lift from a globe a gold half-sovereign (500 times as heavy as the ant itself), and can hold the coin thus balanced while hanging by one leg from a projection. The man who could thus manipulate 75,000 pounds (a similar feat in comparison to size and weight) would be a marvel such as the world has never seen. Hitherto the flea has been regarded as the most muscular of insects and his tremendous leaps have been illustrated.

233,772,800 Gallons of Water.

THE maximum amount of water supplied to the city of Paris in one day was on July 19, 1901, 400,385 cubic yards of spring water and 153,123 cubic yards of water derived from artesian wells and the rivers. This was an aggregate of 233,772,800 gallons.

The average daily water supply from all sources in 1901 (for which year I have the complete statistics) was 57,554 cubic meters, or about 178,188,000 gallons, which is 59 gallons per day for each inhabitant. This includes the supply of water for all purposes—for private and public use, says Consul-General Mazon, of Paris.

The present population of Paris is 2,700,000. The water rent for households is 30 francs (\$3.85) per annum for a daily supply of 135 liters (27 gallons, 2 quarts), 50 francs (\$6.42) for a daily supply of 200 liters (41 gallons). For a daily supply of 300 liters (61 gallons) the annual rate is 75 francs (\$9.63). For a same quantity of spring water 320 francs (\$40.50) for 5,000 liters (1,056 gallons) river water per day, 400 francs (\$50.60), and 600 francs (\$75.90) for a like quantity of spring water.

The total amount of water rents collected in 1901 by the city of Paris was 18,864,000 francs (\$2,356,752). The expense written down in the budget of the city of Paris for 1901 for the water, repairs to aqueducts, rebate to the Compagnie des Eaux, salaries, &c., amounts to 13,794,450 francs (\$1,723,330).

A Misunderstood Chinese Custom.

THE kowtow (pronounced ker-toe, and meaning literally to bow the head) is used as a form of thanks, and is not a manner of greeting. The actors kowtow to their majesties at the beginning and end of each performance at the theatre, first to thank for the honor they are to receive in being allowed to act before them, and at the end to thank for the privileges granted. The officials "bow the head" to thank for an audience or any favor or gift they have received or are to receive from their majesties, says the Century Magazine. The kowtow is not only made by people at the palace and at imperial audiences; it is sometimes used by equals to each other as a proper manner of thanking for some great favor.

To make the kowtow the person kneels three times and each time bows his head three times, touching the ground with it. The kowtow could not be made by a foreigner without looking most awkward and appearing most servile, but the Chinese do it with dignity, and it is neither degrading nor ungraceful. It is a time-honored manner of giving thanks, a Chinese tradition surviving from a time when the courtiers were perhaps like slaves, but at present it does not imply any slave-like inferiority on the part of him who performs it.

The Salaries of Monarchs.

The Kaiser receives \$3,925,000 a year as King of Prussia, but nothing as Emperor of Germany. Besides this he has enormous private income, derived from mines, fisheries and estates, of which he owns more than any other man in Prussia. The King of Bavaria receives \$1,350,000 a year; the King of Saxony, \$783,000; the Grand Duke of Baden, \$400,000. The Czar of Russia is paid \$5,750,000 for his private use, while each Grand Duke receives \$1,000,000 a year. In addition to these enormous salaries each of these rulers has a large income from royalties and perquisites of many kinds of which few outsiders know anything.

Kidnapped in New York.

The Machinations of a Russian Secret Society Pitted Against the Love of a Plucky New Yorker.

By Arthur Rochefort, AUTHOR OF "THE DETACHED BRAIN."

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTER.

Edward Merton, a New Yorker, with musical tastes, falls in love with Sophia, daughter of an old Russian music master. To further his suit he takes rooms in the same house with the Wagners. There he meets several foreign friends of theirs, Emanuel Malmat, Alexis Trella, Nicholas Orloff and others. One evening Sophia accuses Merton with the cry "My father! They have found him and killed him or carried him to Russia!"

CHAPTER II.

A Distracting Situation.

WHY should any one want to kill or kidnap Prof. Wagner? This was the question that came to Edward Merton's mind as he looked at the beautiful, agonized girl, but he did not express it in words.

Picking up his hat and overcoat he took Sophia's arm and said:

"Let us go into your apartments and talk it over. Hannah may know."

"She does not know! She does not know!" wailed Sophia, yet she obeyed his direction, and on reaching the parlor she tottered and would have fallen had not Edward caught her and carried her to a sofa, where she lay like one dead.

Edward had to talk German to Hannah, who, though evidently in great mental agony, still retained her presence of mind.

"Is it unusual for the Professor to be out so late?" asked the young man, as he held a glass of water to Sophia's aching lips.

"Ach, lieber Herr, the Professor he never stays out. He seldom goes out. Oh, he has enemies!"

"Enemies?" broke in Edward.

"Oh, yes, enemies, many enemies, he has," she moaned.

"I can't imagine it, but if he has enemies they have injured him, they'll pay for it if I have a dollar or an ounce of strength to punish them!" said Edward, setting down the glass, now that the tremor of the eyelids told that the girl was recovering consciousness.

"It was fear of them that fifteen years ago took him from Russia, where he was rich and honored till the great blow came. I wanted him to stay in Germany, the land of his forefathers and of mine, but no, he must come to the great free land of America; so he came, and also they followed."

"And do you know them?" asked Merton.

"Ach no, Herr, but they are of the Vampires."

"The Vampires, Hannah?"

"Yes; those who in Russia murder for pay and without pay."

"Have you seen any of these people here?"

"No, Herr; but we have heard from them."

"When?"

"Often."

"When was the last time?"

"This morning."

"Told the fraulein not to move from here, or to make any more outcry; I shall be gone but a few minutes," said Merton, putting on his hat and overcoat as he hurried into the hall.

No man had ever run quicker down those five flights of stairs than did Edward Merton on this occasion.

It was now midnight and the cold dry air promised glorious Christmas weather, but it brought no cheer to the young man, who was out to find Tony Mullen.

The streets were nearly deserted. Before all-night restaurants, of which there were many, electric lights blazed in a cold uninviting way.

He asked a bent, long-bearded man if he knew where Officer Mullen could be found, and receiving a reply in Yiddish, which he did not understand, he dashed off to find an officer or a telephone, meaning to call up Police Headquarters, in Mulberry street.

It is generally believed that an officer can never be found when wanted, but on this occasion Edward Merton ran plump into the arms of one before he had gone a block.

"Hould on, young feller! You seem to be in a dillive of a hurry, when there's nobody chasin' you!" exclaimed the officer, as he seized Merton by the collar with one hand and drew his club with the other.

"And I am in a hurry," was the response. "Where can I find Officer Mullen?"

"What do you want with Officer Mullen?"

"He is my friend, and I have a case for him."

"Is the case on this beat?"

"I don't know; it's at the Tyrol."

"And what is it?"

Edward briefly explained.

"Well," said the officer slowly, "it might be better to report to headquarters."



"But find my father! Oh, find him!" cried Sophia.

But if yer a friend of Tony Mullen I can show ye where he lives; and he's the same token, he's off duty and at home, for I saw him go in not twenty minutes ago. Come along with me." Fifty paces further on the officer stopped in a fat-house hall, and after turning a particular wall he unlocked

through the speaking-tube:

"Is that you, Tony? Yes? Well, I'm Tim Regan. Do ye know a young feller that calls himself Malmat, Edward Merton? Ye do? Well, then get a hurry on ye, and come down, for he's here below and wants far to see ye down bad."

After a few moments Tony Mullen appeared and Officer Tim Regan, seeing that the "young feller" was greeted like a friend, said: "Good night, Tony. Let me know if I can help," and resumed his beat.

"I have a telephone in my own flat. I'll go up and notify the Central Office. It will take me but a few minutes. Wait!" And with this Tony Mullen vanished into the building.

two could talk, "tell me just what the trouble is."

"Come with me to the Tyrol and I'll tell you on the way," said Merton.

"No; tell me right here, so that if other help is needed I can send for it at once," responded Tony.

Edward stated his case, and Officer Mullen expressed his surprise in a long whistle.

"I have a telephone in my own flat. I'll go up and notify the Central Office. It will take me but a few minutes. Wait!" And with this Tony Mullen vanished into the building.

his friend was gone an interminable time, but in reality it was only a few minutes till he appeared with his overcoat on and his fur cap pulled low on his head.

By the time they got to the professor's apartment Sophia, though still white and frightened, was able to talk with more coherence. She corroborated Edward's account, and then handed the officer a letter which her father had received that day, but as it was in Russian, she was asked to translate it, which she did in a tremulous voice, as follows:

"August Wagner: In defiance of the oath you took twenty years ago, you came to America with papers that involve the freedom of the innocently condemned. If these papers are not given us within ten hours after the mailing of this, you will lose your daughter, and all the money and jewelry you brought with you from Moscow. Tears of failure have broken our peace. The time has come to ask: You know where to answer?"

This letter was undated and unsigned, but the post mark on the envelope was "Cooper Square, Dec. 28, 1904."

Sophia was just explaining that while she and her father had lived in dread of these secret enemies, she did not know them, and to the best of her knowledge and belief had never seen them, when Sergt. Birmingham and four detectives from the Central Office appeared on the scene.

"This is certainly a strange case," said the Sergeant when he had heard the daughter's story. "We have had many children kidnapped during the past few years; but if this should be a kidnap case, it's the first of the kind in my experience."

"But find my father! Oh, find him!" cried Sophia, threatening to break down again.

"We'll do all in our power, young lady, depend on that. A general alarm was sent out, and if he is in New York we'll find him. But have you a photograph?"

Sophia had no picture, her father, for reasons of his own, having persistently refused to have one taken. "But," she added innocently, "my mother looked much like me. I have a picture of myself."

Sergt. Birmingham smiled and said: "Bring my father to me and I will do whatever you command."

"I promise!"

"You told me once before not to speak of love to you, and, much as I feel it at this moment, I will obey you. But," here Malmat lowered his voice and looked about him, "I think I can find your father."

"Find him! Oh, find him and bring him to me," cried the poor girl, "and I will be your slave for life!"

"Not my slave! But if I restored him would you consent to be my wife?"

Sophia looked at him, striking her forehead with the palm of a clenched way; then she said slowly and painfully:

"Bring my father to me and I will do whatever you command."

(To Be Continued.)